

Option 1- What do you think is the impact of adolescent pregnancy?

When All Is Said and Done

I don't feel joy or anger,
Just an overwhelming amount of grief,
I feel the urge to mourn the person I was nine months ago,
To plan a sombre funeral, with the freshly primed wooden casket to harbor the lifeless body,
A body which won't appear.
I am the lifeless body, a surreal phantom even, a real-life zombie roaming the Earth.
But I also feel crippling guilt, I feel like an asteroid.
You know, the heavyweight which brings devastation and darkness only to vaporize into nothing,
But why couldn't I have been the moon?
The firefly in a pitch-black sky, a pearl in the black sea,
Why did the birth of my baby mean all hope for me would flee?
I wanted us to be the one in whatever statistically appealing number which had been estimated,
To be the mother-daughter duo, who despite all odds were underestimated,
But alas, I was not the moon in my story,
Instead, I was merely a passing cloud on a stormy day,
To warn you all that my sky would be grey.
You know, I remind myself of Lorelai Gilmore, although some would say I'm miles away,
I don't possess her infectious laugh, her wisdom or her looks,
But her independence? I plagiarized an entire chapter from her book.
Like always I raised the stakes a bit too high, people would say 'Dear God you'll die'.
But those words were meaningless as I rode the high, armed with the letters to say goodbye.
Goodbye to forgotten friendships and broken relationships,
Goodbye to those six hours of my day filled with mindless gossip and temporary companionship,
Goodbye to the promised internships and scholarships,
I guess some words are just meant for comfort during hardships.
Goodbye to my ticket out of depression, as my mind now feels like it's in a constant state of
recession,
Fevers, chills and headaches are a constant worry, and frankly, I fear for my body.
I'm as ready as can be to close this chapter but those nine months are not quite over,

For when the monitors light up and the thumping erupts I know I've been promised enough love to live twice over.

-By Cyann Alfred

(Original Author)

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